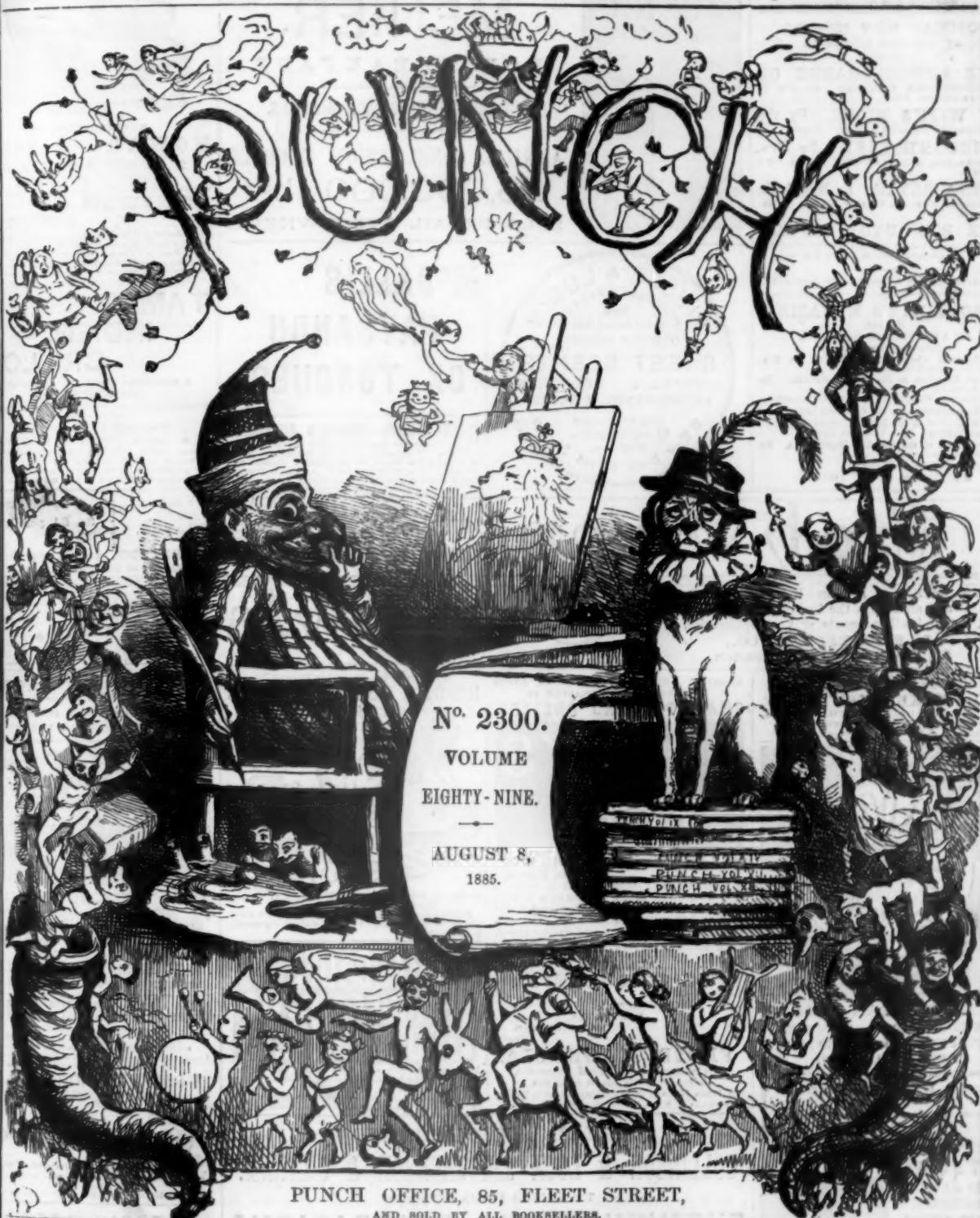


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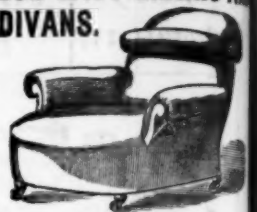
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GAMP REDIVIVA; OR MUCH OVER-RATED."

WH-EEW! where is my precious old pattens, and likewise my cotton umbrella? And only jest let me get at him, that RANDOLPH, that bragian fella!



Wich I've stood it quite long enough, drat him! a saucy, owdacious young scamp, And now I mean giving him toko, as sure as my name's SAIREY GAMP. Eh? keep on my hair? Don't tell me! It is time the old woman spoke out, Or the monkey will smash up our Party afore we know wot we're about. Foller him, indeed? Never! No, SAIREY is faithful to men as is men, But no young whippersnapper shan't rule in the buzzum once sacred to BEN. Ah, he—bless his curls!—was a beauty, my BRAKEY, the joy of my 'art, Wich it makes the old woman feel sniffy to think of him, manly and smart; But RANDOLPH, a hovergrown schoolboy, a cheeky young sparrer, him dare

To stick hisself up as a BENJY? It's more than a mortal can bear! They didn't ought never have let him, dear SALLY and darling old STAFFY, Shove nose to the front, like a pup, just acoos he was cheeky and chaffy; They ought to have snubbed him and smacked him, and made him go smartly to heel,

Taught him never to snap at his betters, nor play with strange puppies, nor steal. But they spoilt him with petting and fussing; old SAIREY herself was to blame, As did think him a sort of a new Bailey Junior, saucy, but game; And now he has chucked us all over, and gone to the front like a shot, And if SAIREY don't wallop him off, why, the Party will go straight to pot. But old SAIREY will do it, oh, trust her! her back and her pattens is up, As ain't goin' to be gulled nor yet flummoxed by any sech imperent pup. Take on with them low Irish tykes like some Radical mongrel? No, no! Not while SAIREY can handle her gingham. It's wus than that Brummagem JOE! Wich there ain't, arter all, so much difference, not down at bottom there ain't, But to see sich a leadin' our Party 'ud madden the soul of a Saint. "Tory-demmyocrat" sounds nice and harmless, but if it means simply cold scran From the Rad's broken-wittell bag, drat it! far better the Libs' Grand Old Man! He's a chokin' off arf our best men, wich his demyogog trash they won't swoller;

There's WHITLEY and HAMILTON shied, and a lot more good fellas will foller. Life and soul of the Party. Yah bah! If I let the young monkey alone, It'll soon have no life left at all, nor no soul it can dare call its own. But no, I must come to the rescue. I see it, I know it—I will! He ain't never yet had to face a Umbrella wot's handled with skill. WA-u-u-sh! Whack! If he don't drop his tail, and find all his smart fireworks go damp,

When old SAIREY is once on the job in good earnest, my name isn't GAMP!

TALES OF HOPE.

LORD SALISBURY (according to his Mansion House deliverances) hopes that Russia and England may preserve the peace and mutual respect, that Egypt may progress, that the population of this country may advance socially, that struggles for class power may cease, "and, above all, that the City of London may retain, undiminished and unimpaired, its ancient magnificence." Leviathan and little fishes! My Lord Marquis, there seems a little lack of "moral perspective" here. A finer example of anti-climax was surely never produced, even by a Peer, a Premier, or a Saturday Reviewer! Lord JOHN MANNERS' famous couplet is here outdone.

"Let nations fight, classes to contest stoop,
But leave us Civic Show and Turtle Soup!"

one might imagine your saying, if, like Lord SHERRBOOKE, you stooped to the Weg-like weakness of "dropping into verse." Your "hopes," my Lord, do honour to your head and your heart, but their order seems a little inverted. Surely, surely that, "above all," must have been a slip of your eloquent tongue—on the perilously greasy slopes of hyperbolic after-dinner eulogy.

FRIENDLY MOTTO FOR THE CANDAHAR RAILWAY (Russians and English).—
"Sum Sibi cuique."

A (GARDEN) PARTY QUESTION.

THE M.P.'s assembled on Parliament Hill, At a swell Garden Party conducted with skill. "Eh? Parliament, M.P.'s, and Party? Oh, dear!" Sighs the reader. "I thought Dissolution was near." Mr. Punch sympathises, but begs to explain That this Parliament wasn't St. Stephen's again, And that men sick of that may extend their most hearty Approval to this—unpolitical—Party. For you see SHAW-LEFEVRE and BRAMWELL, and LLOYD, BURDETT-COUTTS, BODKIN, HUBBARD, and BRYCE were employed, Not in Party slang-whanging, such bricks quite beneath, But in scheming extension to old Hampstead Heath. The Parliament Fields and the Heath Park Estate, If saved from the Ogres of brick, tile, and slate, May be added thereto, if the price we'll afford, And can stir up that slow Metropolitan Board. Mr. Punch thinks if this be not done, more's the pity. He'll do what he can do to help the Committee, And holds that the people should leave nothing undone To gain—whilst we can gain—a new lung for London. He'd like, in long streets close and weary to tramp, 's stead, More green bosky acres adorning old Hampstead, All lovers of Nature and friends of "the childer" Should back SHAW-LEFEVRE in baffling the Builder!

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

In the official Court Circular, describing the recent Royal Marriage festivities, an apology was made for calling Count ERBACH SCHOENBERG (whoever he may be) Count ERBACH of Erbach-Schoenberg, and announcing that HER MAJESTY had been taking a drive with her newest son-in-law instead of his brother. Such mistakes as these are unpardonable; and to put the Public on its guard for the future, it is as well to publish a table showing the "fact" as shadowed forth by the Royal Record, with the corresponding "real truth of the matter":—

When the Court Circular says that	It may be concluded that
The QUEEN rode on a pony.	HER MAJESTY took a drive in a Bath chair.
The Royal promenade was before luncheon.	It was after that meal.

The QUEEN was accompanied by two Equerries.	"On horseback" should have been added.
The Princess LOUISE called.	The Princess LOUISE (Marchioness of LORNE) called.
Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein stayed to luncheon.	Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein stayed to breakfast, twelve o'clock snack, luncheon, five o'clock tea, dinner, and supper.

The Grand Duke of HESSE has arrived at Osborne on a visit to HER MAJESTY.	The Grand Duke of HESSE, his family, his suite, his friends, his uncles and aunts, and cousins and cousins—german, have arrived at Osborne on a visit to HER MAJESTY.
---	---

The Duke of TECK and the Marquis of LORNE have been created Princes of the Blood Royal.	Neither the Duke of TECK nor the Marquis of LORNE have been created Princes of the Blood Royal, a dignity reserved solely for Prince HENRY of Battenberg.
---	---

The statement made in several of the newspapers that the length of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's charge to T.R.H. the Prince and Princess HENRY, caused great annoyance to HER MAJESTY, the Prince of WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family, is incorrect.	The statement made in several of the newspapers that the length of the Archbishop's charge gave great offence to HER MAJESTY and the Royal Family, is entirely accurate.
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That the reporting of the domestic trivialities of Court life does not render Royalty supremely ridiculous.	That such reporting undoubtedly does.
---	---------------------------------------



OVER-PRESSURE.

(Thermometer 85° in the Shade.)

"BY THE WAY, COOK, I ORDERED THREEPENN'ORTH OF ICE FROM THE FISH-MONGER'S. HAS IT COME?"

"YES, MA'AM. IS IT FOR TO-DAY, MA'AM?"

CANVASSING IT.

(National Portrait Select Committee—Adjourned Meeting.)

THE final light of the adjacent Inventions Exhibition having at length been extinguished, the adjourned meeting of the above Committee was once more resumed, the portraits assembling, as on the previous occasion, in the upper lumber room attached to the Galleries. As soon as the hour of midnight had sounded on a neighbouring clock, the half-length of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, painted by himself, was, as before, voted unanimously into the Chair, and the proceedings commenced.

THE CHAIRMAN, who, on rising, was greeted with some feeble and faded cheers, said that he was afraid that since their last meeting, when they had assembled hurriedly to discuss their narrow escape from destruction, owing to a conflagration in the three-and-nine-penny dinner department, with which their destinies were so intimately associated—(laughter)—he had no very encouraging information to submit to them. It was true that a "MR. PLUNKET" ("SIR JOHN POPHAM, Lord Chief Justice, 1531—1607. Painter unknown," with warmth, "Who's he?") made some statement the other night, to the effect that "something was going to be done," but he, the Speaker, thought that by this time they pretty well all of them knew what that meant. (Groans.) Their immediate destination, he believed, was Bethnal Green. (Renewed groans.) He understood that manifestation of feeling. Every canvas in the room, however indistinct, realised that it was one thing to get into Bethnal Green, but quite another to get out of it again. He therefore trusted that some suggestion might be forthcoming, from the present meeting, to guide them as to what steps they should collectively take, he would not say for their comfortable, but positively for their decent habitation in the future. (Subdued cheers.)

"KING EDWARD THE THIRD (tracing from a chapel fresco)" said, if he was to give his opinion, he should vote at once for their removal bodily to The Hall by the Sea. (Cries of "Oh, oh!")

"CARDINAL POLE (dimensions, 1 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 2 in.)" observed, that though he was marked in the Catalogue "smaller than life," and only "seen to the waist," he could not listen to such an unseemly proposition as that. ("Hear! hear!" faintly, from Queen JOAN OF NAVARRE.) He could not, of course,

account for his traced Majesty's taste (laughter), but, as far as he was personally concerned, he would just as soon be hung up in the Holborn Restaurant. (Sensation.)

"DEAN SWIFT (1667—1745, by CHARLES JERVAS)" said that, though only represented in a blue silk dressing-gown, he did not care where they put him, as long as it wasn't in the hall of the New National Liberal Club. (Murmurs from "the Gunpowder Conspirators, half-lengths, A.D. 1605.") He had no intention of introducing politics into the matter, but he would like to remind the company that, as this was a purely artistic question, they had very little hope, unless the "spleen and spite of party" intervened, of getting any help from any Government whatever. Their probable finale would be a conflagration—perhaps even a mock auction!—and, as there appeared to be a sort of perpetual "Ranelagh"—or something—going on next door, he voted that the Trustees be empowered to hang them up, wherever they could find room for them, among the coloured lamps. (Cheers.) Speaking for himself, he should like to see the fun. (Laughter.) Certainly he should prefer it to a return to Wardour Street.

"KING PHILIP II. (1527—1598. Painted by Alonso Sanchez Cosello)" said that, many years ago, he had passed (though the fact was not generally known) a considerable time, in a shop-window in that locality, with 3s. 9d. in large chalk figures, marked boldly across him. (Roars of laughter.) He was usually taken for a bad likeness of MACREADY as Hamlet, still—the experience was by no means a pleasant one. Seeing that he was a full-length portrait of some value, he thought he ought to occupy some conspicuous position, if it were only on the advertisement hoarding at Knightsbridge. ("Hear! hear!") If his personal taste were consulted, he would like to be cut down, and end his artistic days as a swinging sign at some quiet and retired public-house. (Much laughter.)

"THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (K.G., 3 ft. by 2 ft. 2 in.)" remarked that he strongly resented the intrusion into family life which had dragged him, together with the last speaker, from his ancestral Gallery to be damaged, destroyed, and, finally, consigned to some East End dust-bin by an unintelligent and parsimonious system of government. If he had known how posterity would have treated him for his literary feat, his now famous Letters to his Son would in all probability have been addressed, though in very different terms, to Mr. PLUNKET himself.

["The Five Children of King Charles the First, with a large Dog, after Van Dyck," who had been for some time interrupting the proceedings with unseemly behaviour, were here turned out of the room amidst a good deal of general merriment.]

Upon order being restored, the Chairman said he had just received from his noble friend, "CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of Norfolk (K.G. 1485. Painter unknown)," a paper which he would read to the Committee. It was a brief form of Advertisement for a suitable domicile to accommodate them, that the noble Duke suggested should be inserted in a couple of daily papers, and perhaps also in one respectable weekly. It was as follows:—

TO THE BENEVOLENT AND ARTISTIC—RARE OPPORTUNITY.—A Collection of National Portraits, which is about to leave its present situation through no fault of its own, is anxious to meet with some intelligent and appreciative caretaker who would be willing to furnish it with a safe, convenient, and appropriate home, in consideration of the prestige attaching to association with a priceless accumulation of historic memorials. The site should, if possible, be central and generally accessible to the public; but a fitting, secure, and suitable domicile would meet the present requirements of the Advertisers. No objection to a good airy County Lunatic Asylum where the pictures could be hung well out of reach of the patients. N.B.—No communications can be entertained either from Travelling Show Proprietors, Marine-Store Dealers, or existing Authorities at South Kensington. Would be glad to hear from a generous-minded Millionnaire a little off his head on the subject of Art. Apply, personally or by letter, to the Secretary of the Canvas Committee, the Baak Kitchen and Scullery Department, S.W.

On the conclusion of the reading of the above advertisement, the Chairman having taken the sense of the meeting, it was unanimously decided that three insertions



LORD DE ROTHSCHILD'S EGYPTIAN SOOTHING-SYRUP. FEEDING-TIME; A LITTLE TREAT ALL ROUND

of it should be sanctioned forthwith, when, after a vote of silent thanks, proposed by Sir GODFREY KNELLER and seconded by a Dutch gentleman, supposed, according to his own account, to have been responsible for the legs in the celebrated full-length of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, the assembled Portraits quietly separated, and, in the now fast approaching daylight, noiselessly resumed their accustomed places.

THE THAMES AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

The tributaries of the Thames were once pellucid rills
And rivulets to the river that, descending from the hills,
Their tribute paid in current coin so fair, of former days,
That the "Silver Thames" in poesy was a stock and a standing phrase.

But now such other tribute other tributaries pour
Into the Thames, that thence its flood like silver flows no more;
Rather a copper currency its turbid water seems,
Polluted for pellucid are its tributary streams.

The channels which Town Councillors their scavengers bid flush,
On Thames's bosom disembody large subsidies of slush.
The Thames derives such tribute from the sluices and the drains,
And riparian gasworks' gutters, rich of Kingston and of Staines.

Filtration frees the fluid of its odour and its hue,
Clears the coffee-coloured mixture, ere ye tea and coffee brew;
So the beverage that on Londoners each Company bestows
Gives the nostrils no offence, although 'tis paid for through the nose.

The liquid that Thames River with its tributaries yields
How meet withal to irrigate and fertilise the fields!
But oh, to tipple how unfit for e'en a thirsty dog,
Much more for any man to gulp or mingle with his grog!

Oh, for some able engineer the tribute to arrest
Which tributaries, Father Thames, pour out upon thy breast!
Oh, for an Act of Parliament to moderate the price
Of water dear and nasty, and insure it cheap and nice!

SUITABLE SITE FOR A POLICE "COURT."—The Area.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, July 27.—Serene atmosphere ruffled to-night from unexpected quarter. GRANVILLE mightily wrath. Considering what little public practice he has, does it exceedingly well. Ambled down to House to-day in most genial mood. HICKS-BEACH in other House woefully muddled business in connection with Medical Relief Bill. Bill now come up to Lords; GRANVILLE prepared to move Second Reading. When he arrives, learns that MILLTOWN has been before him. Had come down at half-past three, sat on steps till doors were opened, and then rushed in and given notice. MILLTOWN been in House some fourteen years now; never before distinguished himself. Name not known to public; now suddenly emerges from obscurity, and, as DUNRAVEN says, brings out Pussy's claws.

"MILLTOWN? MILLTOWN?" says GRANVILLE, with apparent effort to recollect such a personage. "Ah, Peerage of Ireland. I know. Family motto, '*Clarior e Tenebris*.' Hitherto dwelt in the clouds, but emerged at last. See if I can't extinguish him."

Effort in vain. MILLTOWN curiously obtuse. Has as much right, he says, as anyone else to take charge of the Bill. GRANVILLE, in despair, appeals to Ministers to say whether they ever heard of a case like this. The Markiss stared straight ahead. Wasn't going to commit himself. Couldn't very well back up MILLTOWN, but not inclined to gratify GRANVILLE. CRANBROOK rushed in where Markiss feared to tread; but that not thought enough. CRANBROOK a hot-headed person, will say anything.

"Don't you think you could say a word?" Markiss whispered to the latest Earl.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" moaned our old friend, STAFFORD NORTH-COTE. "Thought there was an end of that. When in the Commons had always to be getting up to justify RANDOLPH, cover retreat of CHAPLIN, or do something impossible. Came here for a rest, but find it's the same old game. However—"

So IDDESLEIGH got up, and endeavoured to show that MILLTOWN was quite right in adroitly forestalling GRANVILLE in taking charge of a Liberal measure forced upon the Government in the other House, and petulantly abandoned by them. Squabble lasted half-an-hour, House finally agreeing, upon Motion put, that MILLTOWN have precedence. *Business done.*—In Commons, Army Estimates.

Commons, Tuesday.—"There's one thing," said CALLAN to CATENDISH-BENTINCK, "as I never can stand—that is, the use of strong language. What I like is decency of behaviour in all relations of life. If a man's a gen'lman, let him behave as such. In my humble way I've tried to show what a gen'lman should be, and though I say it what shouldn't, feel I may on occasion come forward to vindicate the courtesies of public life."



Muddled Moralists.

them of obstruction, of bringing hideous charges of vilifying the Judges, of accusing law-officers of packing juries, and of exhibiting boundless sympathy with criminals and murderers."

"A breach of privilege!" cries CALLAN blushing with indignation to the tip of his nose.

"Very well," said BRIGHT. "But is what I've said true?"

Goes through statements one by one; puts them to Parnellites, who, after hesitation, decide to admit them, cheering every accusatory sentence. This not quite what was looked for. Seems that CALLAN, animated by most friendly motives, has chiefly succeeded in finding opportunity for BRIGHT to say over again with increased force, and with added publicity, what he had uttered at the Spencer Banquet. HICKS-BEACH, as usual, comes to grief. Tries to walk on both sides of the road at once. Ashamed to support CALLAN's Motion, but afraid of offending allies. Expresses regret at BRIGHT's language. This brings up HARTINGTON, who speaks with unusual animation. Doubted whether CALLAN had brought motion forward with general assent of Parnellites. "I cannot believe," he said, amid prolonged cheers, "that men who habitually allow themselves such liberty—I may say licence—of speech, are the men to come whining to the House to complain of adverse criticism."

"I assure the noble Lord," Windbag SEXTON shouted after Members, who hastily rose to leave when he appeared on the scene, "that when we come to this House it will not be with a whine."

"Begorra no," says W. H. O'SULLIVAN, "it'll be wid a whiskey." RANDOLPH and CHAMBERLAIN had a little set-to, House forming a delighted ring.

Three hours and half wasted upon this, after which the majority of Members went to dinner, two or three remaining to work.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.



"THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE."

The Secretary for India pulls the string, and exhibits his Working Model of a Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army to Mr. John Bull.

Wednesday.—"Got an idea for the empty frame-work for frescoes in the Octagon Hall," said PLUNKET. "What do you think of *The Temptation of Joseph Gillis*? Fancy it would make a capital companion picture to *St. George and the Dragon*. Too late to get a vote on the subject now; but next Session, as the humorist BEACH says, shall include Vote for it."

Certainly a striking incident. House in Committee of Supply. Only four Votes to get, but must be agreed to before quarter to six. If not, Supply carried over to to-morrow, and prorogation delayed. Talk on Irish Education Vote carried on till Five o'clock, Windbag SEXTON alone being inflated for nearly an hour. There remained vote for South Africa, including controversial subjects of Imperial policy. Only three-quarters of an hour to deal with this, and, beyond, vote for Post Office and for Monument for General Gordon. When vote for Irish Education reached by process of exhaustion, and Chairman just putting the question, JOEY B. rose, and watched with gleaming eye unhappiness of HART DYKE as he prolonged discussion. Then came the South African debate in progress at eighteen minutes to six. Only three minutes of time, and three Votes to pass! HICKS-BEACH urged that debate should close so as to get Supply through Committee, resuming it on report if necessary.

JOSEPH GILLIS moved uneasily on his seat, and a thrill of apprehension shook the frame of HENRY HOLLAND. If he got up and spoke only for two minutes all was lost. He didn't interpose, and South African Vote passed. Vote for Post Office put. JOSEPH half rose, but didn't speak, and Vote passed. Vote for Gordon Monument



CAUTION TO PEOPLE ABOUT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE SANDS
AT THE SEASIDE.

put, [the last of the year's Supply. Hand of the clock was on the quarter. A few words, charging Earl SPENCER with being accessory to the death of GORDON would suffice. Chairman hurried through the formula of putting the Vote, and had just declared it passed, when JOSEPH was discovered on his feet, with one thumb in armhole of waistcoat, and the other signalling to Chairman. But it was too late, the last Vote was through, and JOEY B. resumed his seat.

"You had a bad quarter of an hour," I said, to my friend. "How did you manage to keep down so long?"

"Held on with my hands to the bench," said JOSEPH, with melancholy smile. "Couldn't have done it else. But am glad the thing got through. A bargain's a bargain. They've behaved very well to us, and I wouldn't like to be the man to spoil their sport. Only I hope they won't try me so sharp again."

Business done.—Supply closed.



Mr. Sims Reeves (to comparatively youthful Professional, Signor R. Curcillo). "Quite right to take a leaf out of my Upper-note Book. Don't make yourself too cheap!"

Thursday.—No one looking down upon the Treasury Bench and noting a young man sitting respectfully among his elders would imagine what a firebrand it is. It is true that the young man treats

his moustache with unnecessary vigour, and that W. H. SMITH, a man of peace though at the head of the War Office, shows a nervous disposition to induce Mr. CHAPLIN or Colonel STANLEY (being moderately plump persons) to sit between him and the Secretary of State for India. These are, however, indications that must be sought for to be observed. To the average looker-on there is nothing in the appearance of RANDOLPH that suggests reason for the terror which fills the breast of Mr. WHITLEY as he looks in the direction of the Treasury Bench, or that makes CLAUD HAMILTON sit in the Gallery as offering means for speedy retreat in case of need.

Fact is there's been terrible row. RANDOLPH was to have gone down to Liverpool yesterday to address public meeting; took it for granted he was to be supported by Local Conservative Members. Discovered at last moment they didn't mean to go; whereupon explosion, disaster, and general break up of everything.

"If they think they're going to make a fool of me," said RANDOLPH, "they're mistaken. They don't come to much when they are put in one scale. I can get on without them, but they shan't snub me. I won't go to Liverpool at all, that's flat."

Nor did he. "He'll break us up, after all," said Sir MICHAEL, "after irretrievably ruining us before final stroke comes. Wouldn't have sold STAFFORD NORTHCOTE if I'd foreseen this. All living in state of terror. Don't know what a moment may bring forth. If we could only get him to go and govern the Congo, now—!"

Business done.—Medical Relief Bill passed in Lords, Post-Office Bill in Commons.

Friday.—WEMYSS had right good time of it to-night. In prodigious speech drew attention to nothing less than "the socialistic tendency, character, and effects of the legislation of the last fifteen years!" Majority of noble Lords immediately fled. PRIME MINISTER, obliged to remain, forlornly said, didn't know whether the speech was a funeral oration upon the late Government, or an expression of hope over the cradle of the new one. GRANVILLE hinted that the speech had taken seven months in preparation.

"They may guess what they like, and think what they like, TORT," said WEMYSS, rubbing his hands, and smiling to himself, "I've had a high old time. What's the use of the House of Lords, if one can't, from time to time, insist upon making long speech to it?"

WOLFF not gone yet. In private letter SULTAN says,—"Am tired of their crying 'WOLFF! WOLFF!' and none comes." The Special Commissioner wandering in and out of House of Commons to-night, vaguely, full of business. LAWSON tells me it was WOLFF who wrote to-day's leader in *Standard* on RANDOLPH. But I really can't believe it.

Business done.—Criminal Law Amendment Bill in Committee.

THEIR OWN MIXTURE.

It was mixed in the *KEENE's Bath Journal*, Saturday, July 25, and here is the paragraph:—

"THE AFFAIRS OF MR. ALBERT GRANT.—The summary of the amended statement of Mr. ALBERT GRANT's affairs shows liabilities, &c., &c.; the result being that, after providing for preferential claims, there is an estimated surplus of £32,514. . . . Aldwick Place, Pagham, and the furniture and effects thereof are stated to be the subject of an ante-nuptial and post-nuptial settlements. The President of the United States has sent a message of sympathy to Mrs. Grant, and afterwards issued a Proclamation ordering the suspension of business on the day of the funeral. The Governor of New York has also requested people to cease business on that day."

The proprietors of the *Bath Journal* must have experienced a Keene sense of enjoyment on reading the above.

Watt's Up Again.

(On a recent Fracas.)

LET eads delight with fists to fight,
To them 'tis nothing new,
Which if our Swells consider right,
Why—let 'em do it, too.
When well-bred Englishmen now let
Their angry passions rise,
The fashion has been lately set—
They black each other's eyes.

"THE GREAT LOAN LAND."—Egypt.



"MISUNDERSTOOD!"

"THIS IS NOT A SMOKING CARRIAGE, IS IT?"

"No, Miss. You 'LL FIND A SMOKING CARRIAGE A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN!"

THE "CLÔTURE" AT LAST.

FAREWELL! Farewell! Shut up the well-worn portal!

There comes a closing-hour to all below,
And Parliaments—thank Heaven!—are not immortal.

The end is here; let us arise and go.

The end of five long years of sound and fury
Whose true significance time must unfold,
Fiery heroics worthy of old Drury,
And broad buffooneries of farceurs bold.

Long loud logomachy, eternal chatter,
Prolix polemic prosily sustained,
With a most plenteous paucity of matter,
By foes Pantagruel-tongued and parrot-brained.

Now silence o'er the field of battle falleth,
The howl is hushed, and muffled is the cheer;
And echo unto echo no more calleth
In laughter loud or jubilant "Hear! Hear!"

Look up! Look up! O wise time-honoured
Warder,

How many a day of fight have you looked on;
How many a night of tumult and disorder!

Look up! The great protagonists are gone.

No more you'll hear the chilly chimes of
morning
Clang through the charivari of debate,
Hibernian talk-floods every barrier scorning,
Fierce foaming like a Highland stream in
spate.

Parnellian eloquence clear, cold, and steely,
No longer you will have to hear—or check,

The bray of BIGGAR or the howl of HEALY
No more—ah, happy fate!—your ear will
reck.

Should BRADLAUGH come or go, not *you* he'll
trouble,
With rule evaded or with vesture torn,
WARTON's wind-bag or ASHMEAD-BARTLETT's
bubble

Will vex your soul no longer night or morn.

For many-memored and much-loved, you
vanish

For ever from the Stage you've graced so
long,

Yet *Punch* opines you'll find it hard to banish
Some soft regrets born of affection strong.

So many years, so many scenes, so many
Great names and mighty mouths you've
seen and heard,

Not *only* zealot mad and tasteless zany,
Mannerless clown and posturer absurd.

For you DISRAELI's wit has cornuscated,
For you BRIGHT's mellow periods have out-
rolled,

And GLADSTONE, matched with peers, by
cur-crowds baited,

Has whelmed them all in floods of vocal gold.

And lo! the old order changeth. Demos
draweth

Nearer and nearer to the place of power;
The enfranchised mob the imperial purple
paweth.

Is it dawn's break, or do black night-clouds
lower?

Shall all henceforth be leather and prunella?

Will huckster mind and cockney manners
reign?

Or will "the old cause, the old name, the old
umbrella,"

Muster our British manhood once again?

Who knows? But here begins the ungauged
transition,

We're standing at the parting of the ways;
Closing with custom old and old tradition,
Names of the past, and lights of other days.

We turn to face the future, steadfast, cheerful.
Old England's story is so full of change;
He hath mislearned its lessons who stands
fearful

Before the coming of the new and strange.

'Tis England yet! May her new path bear
roses

Of happiness and honour like the old.
But here one volume of her history closes,
One chapter of her chronicles is told.

Many just passed from out these walls will
never

Set foot again upon St. Stephen's floor.

The Parliament of Eighty's fled for ever.

Farewell, its ancient Warder! Close the
door!

A QUESTION FOR THE MONEY MARKET.—
It was said lately by a French Senator that
France would be made "the Laughing-Stock
of Europe." There was immediate inquiry in
all large commercial and financial centres as
to the price at which this stock would be
issued. New jokes would be at a premium
within half an hour, but the quotations would
be more or less incorrect until authorised by
the old-established firm of JOE MILLER &
Co., of the Funny Market.



THE "CLÔTURE" AT LAST.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS (to himself). "AH!—BEEN HERE, MAN AND BOY, FOR FIFTY YEAR. . . MANY A MERRY NIGHT WE'VE HAD, TOO. . . AH!—THE PLACE 'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN. . . WELL, WELL!" . . .

[Locks up the house, and exit.]

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



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PUBLISHED WEEKLY
Subscription price, \$5.00 per annum in advance. Single copies, 15 cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917, under Post Office No. 384, at Chicago, Ill., under special agreement of Post Office and General Delivery.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.
Postage paid at Chicago, Ill.



A BANK HOLIDAY.

"WELL, JARVIS, YOU'VE BEATEN YOUR WIFE, YOU'VE HAD YOUR OWN HEAD BROKEN, AND YOUR EYES BLACKED, AND YOUR FRONT TEETH KNOCKED OUT, AND YOU SPENT THE NIGHT IN A POLICE CELL!"

"WELL, SIR JOHN, IT'S A POOR 'ART AS NEVER REJOICES!"

THE CONCERTS OF THE SEASON.

(A Musical Reporter's Grouch.)

Oh! be joyful! For small mercies let us truly grateful be! With which sentiment I think my weary colleagues will agree. The distressing entertainments they have found so dread a bore For some months to come, at least, will be imposed on them no more. Every pianist, every vocalist is packing his portmanteau To convey to other climes his "execution" or "bel canto," (What a joy to think of tenors out at sea when there's a breeze on!) And we've heard the last, thank goodness! of the Concerts of the Season.

Wealthy idle *dilettanti*, who for lack of aught to do Lounge from concert-room to concert-room in quest of something new, Have no notion of the agonies that critics such as I Are compelled to suffer, year by year, from April to July; Of the pangs that are inflicted by the merciless sonata, By the cruel old *capriccio* and the truculent *toccata*, By the drivel set to music, void of poetry or reason, That are dinned into our ears throughout the Concerts of the Season.

Every *matinée* that's "patronised" by dead-heads who applaud In return for their admissions, is no better than a fraud; For, themselves unknown, its givers on the fame of others trade, And the Artists on whose talents they depend are never paid. But you hear them sing the same old songs—you see the same old faces Reproduce the same old smiles and leers—the stereotyped grimaces That remind you of a popular buffoon who has a "wheeze" on, And enhance your detestation of the Concerts of the Season.

You are bidden to a Concert in Park Lane or Eaton Square, And what sort of entertainment do you have when you get there? Certain ballads of the day, vociferated out of tune, As, for instance, "Yours to-morrow," or "It cannot be too soon;"

SPORTING EVENTS.

SIR,—Coming events may cast their shadows before them, but some events leave their gloomy shadows behind them; and this is what Goodwood has done for yours, truly.

The Prince and the Duke of EDINBURGH retired within the Plantation with a certain chosen friend, who shall, out of motives of modesty and delicacy, be nameless—though far from being really so, in fact—in order to eat their Goodwood Steaks, and quaff the Goodwood Cup, in the composition of which brew some one I know, not a hundred miles away from the present writer, is absolutely unrivalled. "O Solitude, where are thy charms!" Not in the Plantation at Goodwood; for scarcely had we—I should say his Royal Highness, and His Royal Highness's Royal Brother—sat down to pick a bit, than we were surrounded by a swell mob of swell snobs, watching every mouthful, and hardly repressing a murmur of applause, when H.R.H. took a long deep pull at the Prize Cup. And when H.R.H. winked over the top of it at the Duke, and the Duke winked at their mutual friend, the Nameless One, and when, from the expression of the latter's countenance, it was seen by the crowd that there was precious little—how little, yet how precious!—left for him, they were almost frantic with delight. And this is what is called privacy for the Royal Party!

I am not in the humour to give the public any special tips about the Leger, but let me tell them this, that if anyone can be found to give the following prices for the

ST. LEGER—

300 to 1	agst Melton,
600 to 2	" Xaintrailles,
200 to 1	" Pepper and Salt,
800 to 4	" Child of the Mist,

you don't hesitate, but take 'em all, specially if you can get the odds in pounds to halfpence. *Au revoir*, or, as I shall say the day before the Leger, *à demain*, or *à St. Leger-demain*, and perhaps with a little *Legerdemain* the trick may yet be done by

Yours sportively,

The Cell.

PREPARE THE HERMIT.

"FIXTURES for this Month," read out poor HARDUP from his sporting paper, and then observed sadly, "I'm one of them. I can't go out of town, and my wife won't."

Then, a pianoforte solo full of scrambles, and of thumps, Long and wearisome enough to give an iron-clad the jumps; And you loathe the Herr or Signor who disports himself the keys on As the worst of your tormentors at the Concerts of the Season.

There's the noisome *fantasia*, that's spun out extremely thin, By another gifted alien on a squeaky violin; And the vile duet that ends with "Tra la la! we are so gay!" Which is always sung by sisters in a meekly stolid way; The *allegro* and *adagio* and *prestissimo con brio* Of that dismal soporific, the interminable *trio*, In an interval of which your hat and stick you wildly seize on, And escape, invoking curses on the Concerts of the Season.

If 'twere possible that I could be a Judge, let us suppose, With the power to inflict whatever penalties I chose, I'd imprison Ballad-Vocalists in dark and slimy vaults, Instrumental Variations should be dealt with as assaults, And the sentence I would pass upon inveterate offenders Would be this—quite irrespective of their ages or their genders—As an extra-heavy punishment for burglary or treason, A compulsory attendance on the Concerts of the Season.

JUST A FEW LINES.—Will there be a fusion of the London, Chatham & Dover with the Brighton and South-Eastern Companies? As "Two's Company and Three's none," if the S. E. is squared the idea's a Bright'un. All who love their Parisian jaunt, and their luncheon at the Calais buffet *en route*, will thank Mr. J. S. FORBES for the two daily services starting and arriving at reasonably convenient hours. We devoutly hope that these "Daily Services" will be religiously attended, especially on holidays. JOHN STAAT FORBES ought not to be satisfied until the L. C. & D. can do the distance, giving the S. E. a start and a beating. The South-Eastern does it in about eight hours,—but there is no Calais buffet for the poor sailor.



CAUTION TO SCOTCH HOTEL-KEEPERS.

THE TOURISTS "FLEE AWAY," AND THE MCAUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE IS LEFT TO DEVOUR HIS OWN PROVISIONS.

[See recent complaints in Letters to the "Times."]

A LAY OF LAWN TENNIS.

(By a Lawn-Tennisienne.)

WITH rackets poised against the foe,
We scorn the shining river;
Though other games may come and go,
Lawn Tennis lives for ever.

We roam the verdant lawn about,
Our skill seems unavailing;
For, sometimes in and sometimes out,
'Gainst fortune we are railing.

We chatter in our eager ways,
In merry girlish trebles;
We rush for many a ball that strays
Across the pathway pebbles.

We play upon the grassy plots,
The "Court" the garden covers;
We wear the blue forget-me-nots,
Like TENNYSON's young lovers.

We skip, we slide, with many a glance,
As swift as eager swallows;
And as the gay balls bound and dance,
The ardent player follows.

We murmur when the stern net bars
The ball, we shake our tresses;
We've played beneath the moon and stars,
As many a girl confesses.

And how to "screw" and "twist" we
know,
The "Service" too deliver:
For other games may come and go,
Lawn Tennis lives for ever.

ADVICE TO TOURISTS.—Where to go in Scotland.—"Book agen." If you're a party, and can be independent of arbitrary Hotel rules, travel as Cook's Tourists, and take the Tourist's Cook with you. Certainly the Scotch Hotel-keeper for discourtesy, inconviviality, and unaccommodativeness ought, in the Land of Cakes, to "take the cake" and eat it himself.

Sir Moses Montefiore.

Died, July 28, 1885, in his Hundred-and-First Year.

Is life worth living? To the querulous cry
Let this long record, lately closed, reply!
A century of service to mankind!
Pessimist cold and cynic blandly blind,
'Tis fitter comment on that query stale
Than sneers that pall and arguments that fail.
Long in the land his days, whose heart and hand
All high and human causes could command;
Long in the land his memory will abide
His country's treasure and his people's pride.

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

A DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE.

SCENE I.—The Bride's Bower, in No. 3, Proserpine Gardens, W.
DIAPHENIA (the Bride), on Sofa (R). Mrs. WILTON (her Mother).

Mrs. Wilton. Still weeping, DIAPHENIA! Can you not disclose your sorrow to a mother? Has Madame FÉLISE not sent home your things? Does your body not fit? Does not your skirt hang properly?

Diaphenia. Away! Away!

Mrs. Wilton. Dear DIAPHENIA! Has he been unkind? Or do you love another? Tell your own mother, and all shall be arranged. Or are you jealous of anybody?

Diaphenia. No, it isn't that.

Mrs. Wilton. Have you any secret care?

Diaphenia. Oh, don't bother me, Mamma.

Enter REGINALD (her betrothed.)

Reginald. What, DIAPHENIA, again in tears! What cruelty of Fate has befallen us? Morning, noon, and night my DIAPHENIA's sorrow perplexes this sad heart. What can I do to comfort you? I am no longer on speaking terms with any girl I ever met before I was yours. I have presented all their photographs to the National Portrait Gallery, where they are certain to be burned, on an early occasion, with the rest of the collection. What more, what more can I do, DIAPHENIA?

Diaphenia. Oh, willow, willow!

[Weeps.]

Mrs. Wilton (aside). She is distraught!

Reginald (kneeling).

By all the vows that lovers make, and break,
By wedding favours, and by bridal cake,
By all the honeymoons that wax and wane,
By travelling-dresses and the tidal train,
Reveal, announce, divulge the nature of your pain!

Enter Page, bearing a parcel.

Page. Parcel for you, Miss.

Diaphenia (opening parcel, and discovering a Travelling Clock and a Silver Box). Again, again! The Curse!

Reginald (beating his breast). The Curse! What Curse? It's a very nice Silver Box and a capital Travelling Clock!

Diaphenia. Ha! ha! ha! See how they come—see how they come!

[She points wildly to a Parcels Delivery Cart and the Parcels Postman in the Street.]

Mrs. Wilton (aside). Her reason totters!

Diaphenia (letting down her back hair, and leading REGINALD to back dressing-room, where presents are displayed). See! See! See! Here are travelling clocks for you, three score of them, and silver boxes for you, five score and six. I have left more for myself. Here's ormolu for you; that's for bedroom candlesticks, and here's

some for me. Oh, you must wear your ormolu with a difference! Here's ink-stands. I would give you some monkeys holding lamps, but they are out of fashion!

Reginald. Her wedding-presents have got on her nerves. Poor DIAPHENIA!

[*Produces casket, with complete set of diamonds and sapphires.*]

Diaphenia (recovering herself). Dear, dear REGINALD, this is something like!

[*Dries her tears. They embrace.*]

Mrs. Wilton. Bless you, REGINALD! Bless you, my children!

Curtain.

HARASSING THE HOVAS.

PITY the poor Malagasy,
In his semi-tropic isle,
For the Frenchman still persists in
His old buccaneering style!

Yes, twelve million francs are asked for,
And the Hova now must quail;
Up at Antananarivo
Will be told the awesome tale.

"These proud natives must not heed us!"
Argues thus DE FREYCINET.

"We have right—we're highly moral—
Whate'er the Saxon say!

"And, you see, we've got the men there,
And good General MIOT;
So for Tonkin sell we'll make up
By a glorious Hova-throw!"

But, suppose the plucky native
Be victorious, after all;
Or French voters turn out peaceful;
There'd be wormwood for the Gaul!

"LO! AND BEHOLD!"

It has been observed, with sincere regret,
That about Richmond and Twickenham
Old Father Thames is getting dreadfully
low. Can it be through the company he has
been keeping on River-Bank Holidays?
Very much afraid so. A French admirer of
Richmond wrote to Old Father Thames:—

"They are unkind to you, *mon père*,
Because you are not what you were.
You don't hear us abuse the Seine
Because there is a dearth of rain."

And Father Thames sent him this reply:—

"I'm not surprised; you're French, and so
Water with you is always *l'eau*."

There's life in the Old Boy yet. But
something ought to be done.

Hyde Park.

NOTICE.—To Noblemen and Gentlemen
frequenting the Row, all Rows forbidden
except Rows of Chairs. No Rowing in which
punching of heads is included, will be
permitted, though Rowing on the Serpentine
is allowed, but the Rowers will have to
pay for any damage done to the sculls.

No objection to pistols and coffee, but
fighting like coalheavers I will not have in
my Park, I swear I won't, by GEORGE.

TRUTH told a story last week of a
case of Faith-healing at Yeovil. The sub-
ject was one EMANUEL DAVEY. Was the
case substantiated by a body of evidence
sworn on oath, or by only one "Davey."



TROPICAL.

Maid (to Irish Milkman). "MIDNIGHT SAYS SHE'S SURE THERE'S BEEN A GREAT DEAL O' WATER IN THE MILK LATELY, AND THAT IF—"

Put. "AN' CAN YE WANDER AT IT, MY DEAR! SMALL BLAME TO THE COWS THIS TRUE-BRY WEATHER, POOR CREATURES!"

PERILS OF THE PAVEMENT.

SIR,—Can the rider of a bicycle be pulled up for driving furiously in the streets? He can; but, according to his Worship Mr. BUSHBY, he cannot be convicted of that offence in a Police Court, because in such case the Magistrate has no jurisdiction. If so, then, as sensibly suggested by Mr. HICKS, the HOME SECRETARY clearly ought during the recess to "prepare a Bill for the better regulation of street traffic with reference to vehicles of all descriptions." Yes, all; and particularly those in which reckless nursemaids, not minding where they push them, are accustomed to wheel heavy babies over the toes and against the shins of passengers, chiefly selecting old bachelor passengers. Wanted, a special provision to prohibit the furious driving of perambulators.

I am, Sir, yours sweetly,

A LOVER OF BABIES.

OUR ANNUAL "AUTUMN PUZZLE.—Where to Go?"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

I ASSIST AT AN ARBITRATION.



As the Long Vacation approaches, many of my friends, whose practice is larger even than my own, grow less zealous in the discharge of their forensic duties. This is certainly so in the case of PADDLECUOT, one of the aforesaid acquaintances whose work is on the largest possible scale. A few days since

my excellent and admirable Clerk ushered this prosperous individual into my humble Chambers with the extreme deference that PORTINGTON always shows to those whose fee-book's annual total is said to be written in more than three figures.

"The fact is," said my visitor, "I am in a big Arbitration Case that costs roughly a sovereign a minute. We have had over a hundred days of it already, and shall have as many more. So as there are sixty minutes in an hour, and we are supposed to be at it from 10 till 4, you will see that at the rate I have suggested, each sitting costs about £360. That's clear enough, isn't it?"

"Quite," I replied, "but what is the Arbitration all about, and what do you want me to do in it?"

"As to what it's about that's more than I can tell you—I don't think anyone knows—not even the Plaintiffs themselves. It's something about a building contract which failed or didn't fail, or wasn't paid for, or was interrupted before it became completed, or something or other like that. Then matters were complicated because there was something wrong in the soil or specification, or preliminary investigation, or agreement, or something of that kind. Now, as to yourself. All you will have to do is to take a note, and if they want you to do anything, why there'll be heaps of people to tell you what to do. I have an important engagement at Henley."

Thus instructed, I arrived the next morning at the Royal Courts at ten sharp, reflecting that if the Arbitration cost a sovereign a minute, it was of much importance that no time should be wasted. I found that one of the apartments usually occupied by a Judge with or without a Jury, had been most kindly placed at the disposal of those interested in *Long and Underpin v. The Improved Palace and People's Country-Seat Building Society*. The janitor at the glass-door allowed me to pass on my explaining who I was, and I entered. To my intense distress, on looking at the clock I noticed that it was ten minutes beyond the hour, so that if the Court had been waiting for me, I had already cost somebody two five-pound notes. I was relieved to discover that this was not the case, as, besides a most genial old Gentleman occupying a chair immediately beneath the Bench (who apparently was talking to a friend seated beside him) and a few Solicitors' Clerks, I was the sole occupant of the Hall of Justice. By degrees, however, the barristers' benches received recruits—"stuff" and "silk," but both in *mufti*.

"I do not wish to hurry you, Gentlemen," said the amiable veteran seated beneath the Bench, who, it now appeared, was no less a person than the Arbitrator, "but I think I should call your attention to the fact that it is nearly eleven, and we have not begun."

All the Counsel were most anxious to impress upon the Arbitrator that everything was being done with as much expedition as possible.

"That I do not doubt for a moment," replied the veteran with extreme courtesy. "And now, if you please, we will get to business."

Upon this a diligent search was made for the Witness who had been under examination on the previous day, and who now consequently was ready to be cross-examined. The Witness being found, the Counsel who was to question him was secured, and taken in hand by several legal advisers, who consulted with him as to the proper queries that should be put. The pile of exhibits finally having been ascertained to be in good working order, a start in real earnest was made.

This was satisfactory, remembering the pound-a-minute calculation. "Let me see, you have told us so-and-so, and so-and-so," began the Cross-examiner. The Witness nodded assent. "Well, isn't there an exhibit which shows the level?"

The Witness and the Arbitrator thought there was. So thought others.

"I think it was marked 99," said the Witness.

"I am under the impression it was 57," observed a Counsel remotely connected with the case, in courteous correction.

The Witness (equally courteous) had no doubt but that "57" was the number. Then a search was made among the exhibits, and "57" was found. It was not the right number, so "99" was tried and turned out to be correct. Upon this all parties smiled triumphantly at one another, and paused for a few moments to recover from their exertions. Again I thought of the pound-a-minute calculation.

"Now," said the Cross-examiner, peering into the plan with savage earnestness, "you say that the level is shown here," and he pointed to a spot in the plan.

"No," returned the Witness, "it is here." And then he added, politely, "But, pardon me, you are looking at the chart upside down. This is the top."

The mistake having been rectified, the cross-examination was cautiously continued.

"Well, the level was below the mud?"

At this point the Arbitrator, who had been following the proceedings until now with rather perfunctory attention, became gently excited, and seemed to take a personal interest in the mud.

"I suppose it is shown here?" he said, to the Witness, adding something technical about the "marsh level," which tended to prove that he knew all about it, and was doing his duty nobly.

"Has not this spot been photographed?" asked the Cross-examiner, after a few moments of consultation with his clients.

Then the "number game" recommenced, and guesses were made at the proper exhibit. On being ultimately found, it afforded some disappointment, as there was a difficulty in recognising in the picture the relative positions of mud, trees, water, and houses.

Of course all this took some time, and no one was sorry when the usual adjournment for luncheon occurred. Summing up the morning's work, I found, on referring to my notes, that just three questions had been asked and answered; but this, of course, did not include the queries as to charts and plans, which were much more numerous.

"Quite a gallop to-day," said one of the Solicitors, as we left the Court. "If we can only keep this rate up, we shall break the neck of the case before Christmas!"

After the refreshment interval (which I spent in the Bar dining-room, a sort of vault that might have served equally well for a workhouse kitchen or a military prison) I returned to my seat, and was soon followed by the other interested parties.

Once more the cross-examination commenced with its accompaniment of plans, photographs, and the like, and again the Counsel received further instructions before putting every new question. It reminded me of a game of chess played by one individual against a number of others acting in concert. After every answer of the questioned the questioner and his assistants conferred as to what should be the next query. It was distinctly slow and monotonous, and, at a pound a minute, seemed rather expensive.

With my left hand resting on a pile of legal authorities that I had brought into Court with me on the chance of requiring them, I somewhat lazily jotted down a *précis* of the proceedings. Suddenly the Cross-examiner addressed the Arbitrator in quite a new tone.

"Sir," said he, "I cannot help feeling that all we have been doing this morning and for many days before this morning is a farce, and nothing but a farce. The general impression of the public is that arbitration is cheaper than law. It is nothing of the sort, Sir, it is merely a dear and slovenly way of getting justice administered without a trained Judge and an intelligent Jury."

"Really, this is very indecent!" exclaimed an opposing Barrister. "Surely this inquiry has been conducted on the pleasantest possible terms. We are all a happy family."

"We are!" admitted the first speaker, "we are! But on public grounds I consider the system pernicious. But I do not say this to cause strife. I merely mention it, as I can now see a way of bringing the suit to a highly satisfactory conclusion. I am in a position to state that the Plaintiffs, Messrs. LONG and UNDERPIN, have proposed to and been accepted by the ladies representing the Defendant Company—two charming and accomplished Nieces. The cause, consequently, is at an end."

"Hallo!" said a voice near me, which I immediately recognised as PADDLECUOT'S. "Just returned from Henley! You are making a nice row in your sleep!"

"In my sleep!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

I looked round. Certainly the Court had resumed its usual calm, colourless appearance. The same Witness was still being cross-examined in the same leisurely fashion, the same Counsel was yet again consulting with the same clients before putting the same sort of query.

"But," I exclaimed, "there is to be a marriage!"

"Nonsense!" replied PADDLECUOT. "Why, what are you thinking about?"

"Why, that *Long and Underpin v. The Improved Palace and People's Country Seat Building Society* is settled."

"That settled!" exclaimed PADDLECUOT; "why, it will last for years! You must have been dreaming!"

And I had!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

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